

Production No. 8F02

The Simpsons

"TREE HOUSE OF HORROR II"

Written by

Jeff Martin

George Meyer

John Swartzwelder

Al Jean & Mike Reiss
and
Sam Simon

Created by
Matt Groening

Developed by
James L. Brooks
Matt Groening
Sam Simon

This script is not for publication or reproduction. No one is authorized to dispose of same. If lost or destroyed, please notify Script Department.

THE WRITING CREDITS MAY NOT BE FINAL AND SHOULD NOT BE USED FOR PUBLICITY OR ADVERTISING PURPOSES WITHOUT FIRST CHECKING WITH TELEVISION LEGAL DEPARTMENT.

Return to Script Department
20TH CENTURY FOX TELEVISION
10201 W. Pico Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90035

TABLE DRAFT

Date 3/13/91

NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"TREE HOUSE OF HORROR II"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....YEARDLEY SMITH
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
MARTIN.....PAMELA HAYDEN
KIDS.....YEARDLEY/NANCY/PAMELA
HELEN LOVEJOY.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
CRYPT KEEPER WILLIE.....DAN CASTELLANETA
BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER
MRS. KRABAPPLE.....MARCIA WALLACE
OTTO.....HARRY SHEARER
MOE.....HANK AZARIA
APU.....HANK AZARIA
BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
KRUSTY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER
DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER
KANG.....HARRY SHEARER

KODOS.....DAN CASTELLANETA
KENT BROCKMAN.....HARRY SHEARER
JIMBO.....PAMELA HAYDEN
KEARNY.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
MERCHANT.....HANK AZARIA
CUSTOMS AGENT.....HARRY SHEARER
MILITARY COP.....HARRY SHEARER
MAITRE'D.....HARRY SHEARER
YUPPIE WOMAN #1.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
YUPPIE WOMAN #2.....PAMELA HAYDEN
CUSTOMER.....HANK AZARIA
STORE OWNER.....HARRY SHEARER
VIN SCULLY-TYPE (V.O.)..HARRY SHEARER
ENGLISH DIPLOMAT.....DAN CASTELLANETA
ARGENTINE DIPLOMAT.....HANK AZARIA
COLONEL.....DAN CASTELLANETA
OFFICER WORKER #1.....HANK AZARIA
OFFICER WORKER #2.....HARRY SHEARER
NARRATOR (V.O.).....HARRY SHEARER
WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA
CARL.....HANK AZARIA
EDDIE.....HARRY SHEARER
LOU.....HANK AZARIA
TROY MCCLURE.....DAN CASTELLANETA

PAGE 3

ROBOT.....DAN CASTELLANETA
T.V. HOSTHARRY SHEARER
ANNOUNCER (V.O.).....DAN CASTELLANETA
LENNY.....HARRY SHEARER
DIAMOND JOE QUIMBY.....DAN CASTELLANETA

TREE HOUSE OF HORROR II

by

Jeff Martin
George Meyer
John Swartzwelder
Al Jean & Mike Reiss
and
Sam Simon

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

Short version of scary opening credits (SIMILAR TO LAST YEAR'S HALLOWEEN SHOW)

Camera PANS through the Springfield Cemetery past tombstones which read: 'The Well-Known Soldier', 'Jim Morrison' (a couple of cruddy looking hippies are camped out on the grave), 'LP'S', 'Rasputin Mad Monk and Loving Husband', 'Houdini' with an open grave and a hand reaching out of it, and 'My other grave is a mausoleum'.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

KIDS

Trick or treat!

At the front door, HOMER hands candy out to a bunch of costumed kids including MILHOUSE, who has a deflated balloon with a face on it attached to his shoulder.

HOMER

Hi kids, here you go... one for you...
one for you..(TO MILHOUSE) Who are you
supposed to be?

MILHOUSE

I was a two-headed man before this
balloon popped. Now I'm a one-headed
man.

HOMER

Well, one for you, and one for the
dealer.

Homer pops a candy into his mouth and closes the door.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOMER (CONT'D)

Ooh, I love Halloween...

Homer takes the serving bowl back to the couch and
continues to shovel down candy as he watches KENT BROCKMAN
deliver the news.

KENT BROCKMAN

And finally, to conclude this Halloween
newscast on an appropriate scary note,
consider this: (CHUCKLES) The
presidential primaries are only a few
months away.

HOMER

Yeah, get a new toupee, laughing boy.

The door bell RINGS. Homer gets up and is greeted by JIMBO
and KEARNEY, who aren't even wearing costumes.

JIMBO & KEARNEY

Trick or treat, man.

HOMER

Aren't you two a little old for this?
And you're not even wearing costumes.

KEARNEY

Okay, I'm a hunchback. (LAUGHS)

He pulls up the back of his t-shirt collar over his head.

JIMBO

Hand over the candy, old dude, or we
egg your house back to the stone age.

HOMER

(IMMEDIATELY CONCILIATORY) Okay, no
offense meant. Here you go. Take a
little extra. (CLOSES DOOR) Lousy
punks...

MARGE, BART, LISA and MAGGIE enter from the kitchen, back
from treat or treating.

MARGE

We're home!

Marge is dressed as herself, except for a dyed lightning
bolt down the middle of her bouffant that makes her look
like the bride of Frankenstein.

Bart is dressed as a medieval hangman: shirtless, with
black pants and a black hood featuring the trademark spiky
top. He holds a large hatchet and a severed head that
doubles as a candy bag.

Lisa wears an ambitious but awkward totem pole costume made
from jumbo ice cream cartons. It **BUMPS** against the top of
the entryway. Her war-painted face is third from the
bottom.

Maggie **SUCKS** her pacifier through a hideous witch mask.

HOMER

Get a good haul this year?

BART

Heh heh heh...Jackpot!

Bart dumps a huge pile of candy out of the severed head.
(In true cartoon fashion, the pile is much bigger than the
bag.)

HOMER

Woww...How'd you do it?

LISA

It was a two-pronged strategy, Dad.

BART

One, say, "You forgot me", even if they didn't.

Lisa whips out a neighborhood map with several houses highlighted.

LISA

And two, spend the last half-hour targeting the homes of elderly couples who've shown a tendency in the past to overbuy.

BART

Toward the end, they're looking to empty the bowl.

HOMER

I am very, very proud of you kids.

BART

We would have gotten even more if Lisa could walk faster.

LISA

I didn't select this costume for mobility. I wore it to salute the noble native American, who once roamed the Great Plains...

Bart surreptitiously pushes the totem pole from behind with his finger.

LISA (CONT'D)

...using all the parts of the buffalo -

YAHHH!

Lisa totters and falls forward, right on her puss. Bart
LAUGHS.

MARGE

Lisa!

Homer picks up the totem pole and looks at one of the
heads.

HOMER

Oh, Lisa... your face... it's horrible!

(SOBS)

LISA

I'm down here, Dad.

HOMER

Oh.

Homer lifts the totem pole off Lisa.

BART

Well, enough chit-chat.

Bart and Lisa shovel into their mouths with blurring speed.

MARGE

Bart! Lisa! Go easy! You'll have
nightmares.

LISA

(MOUTH FULL) No way.

BART

(MOUTH FULL) Never happen.

HOMER

(MOUTH FULL) Yeah, lighten up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lisa, in her nightgown, finishes brushing her teeth. She **RINSES** and **SPITS**.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONT.

As Lisa strolls sleepily to her bedroom, she repeatedly reaches into her pocket and pops still more candy into her mouth.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - CONT.

Still **CHEWING**, Lisa climbs into bed, **YAWNS**, and turns out the light.

LISA'S POV

The last thing Lisa sees before she falls asleep is a shadow on the ceiling from a tree outside - a shadow resembling... a monkey's paw!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARRAKESH - ESTABLISHING - DAY

SUPER: MARRAKESH, MOROCCO

The Simpsons are sightseeing at an ancient Casbah. Lisa has a T-shirt that say's "I Kissed The Balmoujeloud."

HOMER

What a dump. Why would Princess Grace
live in a place like this?

LISA

Dad, that's Monaco.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

From a prayer tower, a MUSLIM HOLY MAN begins to wail.

MARGE

He must've eaten the same thing you
did, Homer.

EXT. BAZAAR AREA

It's bustling with DANCERS, ONE-MAN BANDS, FIRE-EATERS,
etc. Marge and the kids stop to watch a CONTORTIONIST. He
folds himself into an amazing shape, then pulls himself
along the ground, using only his ears.

BART

(AWED) No way!

Homer is at a nearby stall filed with unusual items. He
picks up a gnarled, furry object.

HOMER

Eeuhgh. What's this thing?

The MERCHANT is nearly blind. He hobbles over to Homer.

MERCHANT

(FEELING IT) It is a monkey's paw,
dating back to Allal ben Abdallah. It
has the power to grant wishes to its
owner.

HOMER

(INTRIGUED) Oh yeah? How much?

MERCHANT

Sir, I must strongly advise you not to
purchase this. Behind every wish lurks
grave misfortune. I myself was once
President of Algeria...

HOMER

C'mom pal, I don't wanna hear your life
story. Paw me!

EXT. CAMEL STALL - DAY

The other Simpsons are petting a camel. Homer shows them
his purchase.

MARGE

Ugghh, Homer. Where did you get that
ugly thing?

HOMER

At that little shop, right over...
there.

THEIR POV

Where the shop was, there is only a tiny whirlwind of sand.

HOMER

(GASPS, THEN:) Wait, it was over
there.

We PAN to the other side of the street and see the shop.

EXT. MARRAKESH AIRPORT - DAY

The Simpsons are walking across the tarmac to their plane.
A Moroccan CUSTOMS AGENT stops them.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Just a moment...

The man lifts up Homer's shirt. He has taped some hokey
souvenirs to his stomach a la "Midnight Express."
Instantly, some MILITARY POLICE wheel and point their
automatic weapons at Homer.

MILITARY COP

(SHOUTS FURIOUSLY IN ARABIC)

HOMER

(TERRIFIED) What'd he say? What'd he say?

CUSTOMS AGENT

He says you must pay a fine of five dirham.

HOMER

(SMALL VOICE) Okay.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Back in Springfield, the Simpsons are planning their wishes.

BART

Let's wish for a pinball machine and a bag of quarters.

LISA

No, Bart. A panda bear.

HOMER

Forget it, you two. As the pants-wearer of this house, I get the first wish.

MARGE

(DUBIOUSLY) Homer, there's something I don't like about that severed hand.

HOMER

Marge, don't flake out on me. That monkey's paw is going to make our dreams come true.

While the others are distracted, Maggie picks up the paw. She looks thoughtful. We HEAR an EERIE STING, and one of the paw's fingers curls down.

LISA

Oh, no! Maggie made a wish!

We HEAR a CAR PULL UP outside. Everyone rushes to the window.

MARGE

Oh, my land!

THEIR POV

A fabulous luxury car is idling in front of the house. Homer hugs Maggie jubilantly.

HOMER

GOOD BABY! Good Maggie!

The DOORBELL RINGS. It's the DRIVER, carrying a pacifier on a satin pillow. Maggie takes the pacifier and happily SUCKS. The driver gets back into the limo and leaves.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

Bart grabs the monkey's paw.

BART

Okay, no more fooling around. Paw,
this is Bart. I wish for all of us to
be rich and famous.

HOMER

Now you're talkin'!

The same EERIE STING. Another finger curls down. Suddenly, Bart's and Lisa's hands are full of cash.

BART/LISA

Yaaayyy!!

Homer pulls out his wallet. It's overflowing with bills.

HOMER

Woo hoo!

He high-fives Bart and Lisa. Marge runs in with a armload of money.

MARGE

(DELIGHTED) Homer! My purse exploded!

HOMER

We're rich! Rich, I tell you! C'mon,
everybody. We're going to the fanciest
restaurant in town!

INT. RESTAURANT - "THE GILDED TRUFFLE"

The arrogant MAITRE D' is turning away a well-dressed
COUPLE.

MAITRE D'

(DISDAINFULLY) I'm terribly sorry, but
I have absolutely nothing until June.

The Simpsons enter.

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)

(POLITELY) Ah, the Simpsons! Right
this way...

He leads them to the best table, with a stunning view of
Springfield. The OTHER DINERS MURMUR to each other as they
recognize the Simpsons.

MARGE

Homer, maybe fame and fortune aren't as
bad as they say.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NEXT DAY

Bart is running from a pack of SQUEALING GIRLS. As he
glances back, he runs right into a GUY in a Bart costume,
handing out flyers.

BART

Ye gods!

The oversized Bart starts to do shtick for him. Bart bolts away in revulsion.

INT. RECORD STORE

OTTO is looking at a giant display of 'Simpsons Go Calypso' CD'S.

OTTO

Man, this thing's really gettin' outta hand.

EXT. STREET

A public-service billboard. A WOMAN DOCTOR is standing with Bart, who's saying "Get A Mammogram, Man." TWO YUPPIE WOMEN are looking at it.

YUPPIE WOMAN #1

At first they were cute and funny, but now they're just annoying.

YUPPIE WOMAN #2

(PLUGGING HER EARS) If I hear one more thing about the Simpsons, I think I'm gonna scream.

INT. SIMPSONS STORE

A CUSTOMER is holding up a Simpsons T-shirt, with Bart saying "Hi, man".

CUSTOMER

Eighteen bucks for this? What a rip-off!

He exits. The STORE OWNER looks forlornly at all the unsold merchandise.

STORE OWNER

(TO EMPLOYEE) We underestimated the
intelligence of the American public. No
wonder we're going broke.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

MARGE

(DISTRAUGHT) Homer, this is awful.
We've alienated our friends... people
keep sending us those terrible faxes...

HOMER

Marge, I've got the perfect answer...
We'll wish for a terrible vengeance on
everyone.

LISA

(APPALLED) Daaad!

Homer reaches for the paw, but Lisa snatches it first.

LISA (CONT'D)

(FERVENTLY) I wish for world peace.

BART

(PAINED) NO!! Lisa!

SPOOKY STING. The third finger folds down.

HOMER

Lisa, that was very selfish of you.

MONTAGE

We HEAR 'C'MON PEOPLE NOW' song by the Youngbloods.

A) NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

It reads "World Peace Declared." There's a small picture
of Lisa.

B) INT. UNITED NATIONS

TWO OLD ADVERSARIES are burying the hatchet. Their sashes say "ARGENTINA" and "ENGLAND."

ENGLISH DIPLOMAT

(EMBARRASSED) Sorry about the
Falklands.

ARGENTINE DIPLOMAT

Ah, forget it. We kind of knew they
were yours.

They CLAP each other on the back and LAUGH.

C) EXT. FOUNDRY

A line of SOLDIERS are throwing rifles, bayonets, bazookas, etc. into a huge blast furnace, where they're melted down. MOE tosses in a sawed-off shotgun; KRUSTY dumps in handguns, brass knuckles, and throwing stars.

D) EXT. PENTAGON

It's being remodeled into a shopping plaza. A crane is putting up a new sign: Five Corners Mall.

E) EXT. MISSILE SILO

A scary-looking missile is hauled away, revealing a group of SCHOOLCHILDREN. They're planting flowers in the silo. A warning sign reads "DANGER". A KID rearranges the letters to spell "GARDEN."

F) ASSEMBLY LINE

SOLDIERS are turning in their swords and watching them beaten into plow shares on the assembly line. They turn in their uniforms for farmer's overalls. At the end of the assembly line a sign says: "Collect plow shares here". We SEE the SOLDIERS heading out to the fields with the plow shares to plant and plow.

G) EXT. MOUNTAINTOP

PEOPLE of every race and creed are SINGING with hands linked.

SINGERS

(SINGING) C'mon people, now/ Smile on
your brother/ everybody get together/
Try to love one another right now...

PULL BACK TO AN AERIAL SHOT

Where we SEE that the singers are forming a giant peace symbol.

PULL BACK FARTHER TO OUTER SPACE

Where we SEE the spaceship from "Hungry Are The Damned."

INT. SPACESHIP

Two ALIENS, KODOS and KANG, are watching the peace sign through a porthole.

KODOS

(SHAKING HEAD) Foolish humans.

KANG

Yes, Kodos. Earth is now ripe for the
plucking.

They LAUGH INSIDIOUSLY.

EXT. JEBEDIAH SPRINGFIELD BIRTHPLACE - DAY

It's a lovingly restored little cabin in the heart of Springfield. The spaceship lands on it, demolishing it.

EXT. SPACESHIP - MOMENTS LATER

Kang and Kodos are addressing a small CROWD. One holds a spear and the other is POUNDING a CLUB into his tentacle.

KANG

People of earth. We come to you in the
spirit of hostility and menace.

DIAMOND JOE QUIMBY

(CALMLY) Now, let's be reasonable. We
can resolve our differences peacefully.

He approaches Kodos with his hands extended. Kodos BOPS him
on the head with a club.

KANG

Your superior intellect is no match for
our puny weapons.

In the b.g. we SEE several more SAUCERS landing. An
agitated APU grabs a white-clad MAN by the lapels.

APU

Colonel! You've got to do something!

COLONEL

What do you want me to do? I'm a baker
now.

LENNY

(EYEING KANG'S SPEAR) Gee, we used to
have all sorts of weapons. I wish we'd
saved a couple.

A hysterical HELEN LOVEJOY points an accusing finger at
Lisa.

HELEN

It's all her fault! Let's get her!

Several ANGRY TOWNSPEOPLE advance on Lisa.

KODOS

(BRANDISHING SLINGSHOT) Hey, hey!

Leave her alone.

Everyone backs away in terror. Kang pats Lisa on the head
with a tentacle.

KANG

(SMUGLY) The earth girl has been
most... helpful.

Lisa recoils in disgust.

EXT SPRINGFIELD - DAY

Kodos is herding a group of OFFICE WORKERS down the street
with a stick.

OFFICE WORKER #1

Damn Lisa Simpson.

OFFICE WORKER #2

Before I was just bored with her
family's antics and their merchandise.
Now I despise her.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ESTABLISHING

The house has been vandalized with toilet paper. The
windows are riddled with bullet holes. On the wall,
someone has spray-painted the words "TRAITOR" and "MONSTER
LOVER." Homer opens the door to get the newspaper and gets
pelted with several eggs.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Homer is reading the newspaper. Bart and Lisa look on.
The headline reads: "MONSTERS OKAY SLAVERY PLAN." A
political cartoon depicts Lisa as a demented dove of peace,
perched on Mr. Earth. Her big, sharp talons are sunk deep
into his pained forehead. The caption reads: "Ouch!"

HOMER

Oh, great. President Kang says we all
have to be slaves.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Homer is holding the monkey's paw. One finger is extended.

MARGE

Homer, that monkey's paw has brought us nothing but misery. I want it out of our house.

HOMER

(WHINY) Oh, Marge, all the kids got a wish. Besides, I think I've got it all figured out.

MARGE

Homer, be careful.

HOMER

I will, don't worry. (TO PAW) I wish for a turkey sandwich, on rye bread, with lettuce and mustard, And...AND! I don't want any zombie turkeys, I don't want to turn into a turkey myself, and I don't want any other weird surprises. Got it?

EERIE STING. The final finger curls down. A big turkey sandwich suddenly appears in mid-air. Homer grabs it, looks it over, and cautiously takes a bite.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hmm. Not bad. Nice hot mustard... good bread... Turkey's a little dry. (BEAT) The turkey's a little dry?! (GUT-WRENCHING MOAN, TO PAW) Oh foul, accursed thing! What demon from the depths of hell created thee?!

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - A MINUTE LATER

Homer is angrily marching the paw to the trash. FLANDERS sees him.

FLANDERS

(GENIALLY) Hey, Simpson, is that one of those monkey paw dealies that lets you wish for things?

HOMER

(SLYLY) Yeah, Flanders, wanna try it?

FLANDERS

Okey-dokely.

He gives the paw to Flanders. Immediately, all four fingers uncurl.

FLANDERS (CONT'D)

Ohh, would ya look at that? Well, I guess my first wish is to get rid of those awful aliens.

STING. A finger curls down. Suddenly Kodos runs by being chased by MOE who is brandishing a board with a nail in it. We SEE Kang at the entrance to the ship wearing a crown and a sash that says "King of the Earth".

KANG

RUN KODOS!

The aliens rush into their spaceship and ZOOM off.

INT. SPACESHIP - LATER

We SEE the earth receding through the porthole.

KODOS

Well, Kang, it seems the Earthlings won.

KANG

(WRYLY) Did they?... That board with
the nail in it may have defeated us.
But the humans won't stop there.
They'll make bigger boards and bigger
nails. Soon, they'll be able to
destroy themselves two or three times
over.

EXT. FLANDERS HOUSE - DAY

Homer is FUMING as a CHEERING MOB showers Flanders with
flowers. Flanders spots Homer.

FLANDERS

(YELLING OVER DIN) Hey, Homer! (WAVING
PAW) This thing works great.

Homer MUMBLES PROFANITIES. Flanders goes inside. We HEAR
the EERIE STING. Suddenly Flanders' house is transformed
into a magnificent castle. Homer is enraged.

HOMER

Noo! It isn't fair! It isn't fair!

He POUNDS FURIOUSLY on the castle door.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(BELLOWING) Flanders!! You think
everything's perfect. Well it's not.
I'm gonna...

STING. Suddenly, Homer disappears. We HEAR Flanders
CHUCKLE through the door.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa shakes Bart awake. The digital Krusty clock shows 2:05.

LISA

(SOTTO) Bart... Bart...

BART

(GROGGILY) Huh?... S'matter?

LISA

I had a bad dream. Could I sleep in
your bed?

BART

No.

LISA

I'll give you a candy necklace.

Bart puts his hand out for the necklace. He eats it
noisily, then removes the string from his mouth.

BART

Climb aboard.

She crawls under the covers, Bart closes his eyes. After a
beat:

LISA

(GRATEFUL) Thanks, Bart.

BART

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

BART'S POV

The last thing Bart sees before he nods off is a Krusty-in-the-box, swaying slightly in the breeze.

DISSOLVES TO:

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF SPRINGFIELD

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is Springfield. Until recently it was just an average little town. Now it's being terrorized by a monster.

EXT. MAIN STREET

PEOPLE are walking around, wearing broad false smiles, looking nervous as hell. One or two of them occasionally whirl around and look behind them. We can HEAR their thoughts.

TOWNSPEOPLE (V.O.)

(NOT IN UNISON) (NERVOUS) Happy thoughts... happy thoughts... what a good day... happy thoughts...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

These are the people of Springfield. Wherever they go they have to make sure they think happy thoughts and say happy things, because this particular monster can read minds, and if displeased, it can quickly destroy them, or turn them into grotesque walking horrors.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ESTABLISHING

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

The whole family, except Bart, is eating breakfast. Bart enters.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The only person in Springfield that isn't afraid is this tow-headed, apple-cheeked little boy. For you see, he is the monster.

BART

Morning.

Everyone does a **SPIT TAKE**, and looks at Bart with broad false nervous smiles.

LISA

Morning.

MARGE

Good morning, dear.

HOMER

(WAY TOO LOUD AND HEARTY) Hiya Bart!!!

How's my boy! Heh heh. Heh heh.

Bart casually pours himself some cereal. Snowball II sits down next to Bart's chair and **MEOWS**. Bart looks down at her and frowns.

HOMER (CONT'D)

What's the matter, boy? Is there something wrong, son?

BART

Everyday, the same old cat. (IDEA)

I'll make him more interesting.

Bart looks at Snowball II. We hear an **OMINOUS SNARE DRUM** sound and the cat sprouts four extra legs, two extra heads and wings. Snowball II **MEOWS** in **THREE PART HARMONY** and flutters around the room like a chicken.

BART (CONT'D)

There. That's better.

MARGE

Much better! And look at all the legs!

HOMER

It's good that you made that awful
thing, Bart. It's real good.

Marge crosses to the kitchen area. Her back is turned.
Bart continues eating. Homer slips quietly out of his
chair, circles slowly around behind Bart, picks up a chair,
raises it over his head and starts advancing towards Bart.
We can HEAR his thoughts. So can Bart.

HOMER (V.O.)

Slowly...slowly...don't make a
sound...don't even think, because he
can hear your thoughts...then, when
he's least expecting it, bash his head
in with a chair. End of monster. Heh
heh heh.

Without looking, or even slowing down his eating, Bart
points a finger at Homer. We HEAR a QUIET SINISTER DRUM
ROLL and Homer turns into a jack-in-the-box.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

LISA

(NOT AGAIN) Oh dad.

HOMER

(THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH) When I get off
this spring...(YELLING) Marge! Get me
down from here!

Marge turns, sees Homer and GASPS.

BART

Lisa did it.

LISA

(HOTLY) I did not!

BART

Did too!

LISA

Did not!

BART

Did too!

We hear an OMINOUS SNARE DRUM again as Bart turns Lisa into a ZOMBIE.

LISA

(ZOMBIE VOICE) Did... too. I did too do it. It was me all the time. Punish me quickly and harshly.

MARGE

(STERN) Bart Simpson, you turn your father and your sister back into human beings this instant.

Bart turns a thoughtful eye towards Marge.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(REALIZING SHE SHOULD WATCH HER STEP)

Please.

Bart nods and turns Homer and Lisa back into human beings.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Now hadn't you better get ready for
school, Bart?

BART

Okay.

Bart gets up and exits the kitchen. We follow him.

HOMER (O.S.)

He gets it from your side of the
family, you know. No monsters on my
side.

Without breaking stride, Bart points a finger in the
direction of the kitchen. We HEAR Homer being turned into a
jack-in-the-box again.

HOMER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

EXT. SIDEWALK

Bart and Lisa are walking to the bus stop.

LISA

Some day you'll pay for terrorizing the
people of this town, Bart.

BART

In your dreams.

INT. SCHOOL BUS

As Bart and Lisa get on, all the other KIDS huddle in the
back of the bus fearfully.

BART (CONT'D)

Hi guys. Hi Otto. Move over. I'm
driving.

OTTO

No can do, little buddy. There's a rule that... oh wait... I forgot... you're the little dude that turns people into jack-in-the-boxes... okay, the wheel's all yours.

EXT. STREET

The school bus is skipping down the street at 150 mph. PEDESTRIANS and other vehicles dive for cover. Officers EDDIE and LOU see Bart driving and wave as he passes.

EDDIE/LOU

Hi Bart!

INT. SCHOOL BUS

Bart is steering. Otto is working the pedals. The kids are in the back, WHIMPERING.

BART

Quit riding the brake, Otto. Give it some gas.

OTTO

Hey, this is fun, isn't it? We're going to die, aren't we?

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM

Bart is sitting on a throne in the back of the class, being served exotic drinks by gorgeous, TEN YEAR OLD GIRLS wearing harem outfits.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Well class, the history of our country has been changed again, to correspond with Bart's answers on yesterday's test.

The CLASS GROANS.

MRS. KRABAPPLE (CONT'D)

America was now discovered in 1942
by...

She consults Bart's test paper.

MRS. KRABAPPLE (CONT'D)

..."Some Guy"... And it's not "America"
anymore, it's "Bartsville."

Everyone in class begins taking notes and GRUMBLING.

MARTIN

Mrs. Krabappel, I must protest. No
matter how much I study, my grades keep
getting worse.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Shutup, Martin.

BART

Hey Milhouse!

MRS. KRABAPPLE

Quiet, class. Bart wants to talk to his
friend.

BART

How'd you like to weigh 500 pounds?

MILHOUSE

I dunno. Maybe.

Bart points at Milhouse. Milhouse becomes enormously fat.
His expanding flesh pushes several students' desks
together. They ADLIB protests.

MILHOUSE

(KIND OF ENJOYING IT) Whoa! Hey look
everybody! I'm fat!

An announcement comes over the p.a. system. Everyone looks up.

SKINNER (V.O.)

(OVER P.A.) Your attention please.
This is Principal Skinner. (PITCH
PIPE) (SINGING) Hello ma baby hello ma
honey, hello my ragtime gal...

As the **SINGING CONTINUES**, Bart leans back in his throne and smiles.

BART

I love school. (SNAPS FINGERS) Phone.

Mrs. Krabapple runs over with a phone and hands it to Bart.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN

A larger than usual number of people are in the bar, drinking heavily and **MUMBLING**.

PATRONS

(MUMBLING. NOT IN UNISON) Happy
thoughts... happy thoughts...we love
Bart...we love that boy.

LENNY

I never thought I'd like having my life
run by a ten year old, but you know
what? I like it! It's different.
(HOTLY) And I'm not just saying that
because he can hear every word I'm
saying either!

CARL

Hell no! You're no hypocrite! And
neither am I!

Barney walks up to the bar and stands next to Chief Wiggum.

BARNEY

Beer please.

Chief Wiggum looks at Barney and is horrified.

WIGGUM

(STUNNED) Guh!

BARNEY

Wassamatter?

WIGGUM

(HASTILY) Nothing! Nothing!

(SINCERELY) It's good that Bart made
you. It's very good.

BARNEY

(BURPS) Whaddaya mean?

The phone RINGS. MOE picks it up and listens.

MOE

(INTO PHONE) What?...who?...okay, just
a minute I'll check. (LOUD) Hey
everybody! I'm a stupid moron with an
ugly face and a big butt, and my butt
smells, and I like to kiss my own butt.

Everyone LAUGHS. Moe thinks about what he's said.

MOE (CONT'D)

...hey, wait a minute...

INT. SCHOOL

Bart is listening to the phone and **LAUGHING**. Mrs. Krabapple is **LAUGHING** too, though she doesn't know why.

SKINNER (V.O.)

(OVER P.A.) One... more... time! (PITCH
PIPE) Hello ma baby...

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

The school bus pulls up in front of the house. Bart gets off.

OTTO

See you tomorrow, dangerous little
dude.

The bus **PULLS AWAY**. A moment later Snowball II, half running and half flying, races past Bart, pursued by **SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER**. Santa's Little Helper is losing badly. He gives up when he reaches Bart.

BART

What's the matter boy? Can't you catch
that dumb old cat? What you need is
more speed.

Bart points a finger at his dog. We **HEAR** a large **INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE** start up inside the dog. Santa's Little Helper looks startled. He begins to vibrate as the engine **REVS**. A little smoke starts rolling out of his ass.

BART (CONT'D)

Now go get him boy!

Santa's Little Helper starts to roll forward on invisible wheels. He's still baffled, but is starting to like it. Suddenly we **HEAR** his gears shift, he pops a wheelie and streaks off the screen. We **HEAR** him **ROARING** and **BARKING** and **CHANGING GEARS** off screen along with **FRANTIC MEOWS**.

BART (CONT'D)

That killed a couple of minutes.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Homer and GRAMPA are sitting on the couch watching TV.

HOMER

(PLEADING TO TV) Come on... come on...

Bart enters.

BART

Hi dad. Oh, hi Grampa.

HOMER

Shutup boy. If they make this field
goal I win fifty bucks.

Bart glares at Homer.

VIN SCULLY-TYPE (V.O.)

And the kick is up...it's looking
good...it's turning into a fat bald
guy...

Grampa is now alone on the couch. Homer has disappeared.

HOMER (V.O.)

(ON TV) (LONG ANGUISHED MOAN)

VIN SCULLY-TYPE (V.O.)

...it hits the goal posts...

ON TV

We see Homer hitting the goal posts.

HOMER

(PAINED GRUNT)

BACK TO SCENE

Grampa CHUCKLES.

VIN SCULLY-TYPE (V.O.)

...and it's no good. And you know
what we say everytime something strange
happens: "It's good that Bart did that.
It's very good." And speaking of good,
what could be better than Farmer Dan's
pure pork sausage...

A cab SQUEALS to a stop outside the Simpson home. We HEAR a
DOOR SLAM, FEET RUNNING up the walk, the front door opens
and Homer runs in. He has a big bump on his forehead. He
points at Bart.

HOMER

You little monster! I lost fifty bucks
because of you. Now I'm going to
rearrange your face!

Homer advances on Bart.

BART

(INTRIGUED) Hmmm. I wonder what that
would look like?

Bart points a finger at Homer. Homer's nose and left eye
trade places. His mouth moves up to the top of his head.

HOMER

Huh?

Homer feels his face. New noses begin to pop out on
Homer's face like pimples. His features keep moving around
and being added to. When Bart is finally satisfied, Homer
has two eyes on stalks that come out of the top of his
head, three mouths pointing in different directions and
more noses than you can count. Homer looks at himself in
the hall mirror.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT FROM EACH MOUTH)

Bart walks over to the TV.

BART

Guess I'll catch a little Krusty.

Bart switches the channel.

ON TV

Bart passes a channel which is having a telethon. A sign reads: "Telethon For Bart." The money total is up to \$250,000,000.

TROY MC CLURE

... When you consider the respect and
fear we have for this boy --

BACK TO SCENE

Bart switches the channel again.

KRUSTY (V.O.)

(TIRED LAUGH) Well, we're still on.
346 consecutive hours.

ON TV

KRUSTY looks exhausted. He has stubble coming through his make-up.

KRUSTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And all because of one little boy
who... (SHARP. ALMOST HYSTERICAL)
Won't let me stop! (REGAINS CONTROL)
Anyway... now let's go over and see if
Sideshow Mel has anymore of those
legal, over-the-counter wake-up drugs
of his.

KIDS IN AUDIENCE

Yayy!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

The family is eating dinner. Homer's face is back to normal. They all have candy canes piled up on their plates except Homer. He has broccoli.

HOMER

(MUMBLING) Happy thoughts... happy thoughts... gotta kill that boy...happy thoughts...

BART

More broccoli, Homer?

HOMER

No I don't want any...(SUDDENLY SLY)
...yes! That's what I want! Broccoli!
I don't want pork chops. Whatever you do boy, don't give me any pork chops.
(ASIDE. SOTTO) Watch this Marge.

BART

Okay, Homer. I've been pretty rough on you lately, so I'll give you your wish.
No pork chops.

More broccoli appears on Homer's plate.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

Bart finishes eating and **STRETCHES**.

BART

How about some after-dinner entertainment?

Without waiting for an answer, Bart points out the window and starts wagging his finger. There are **EXPLOSIONS** and flashes of light outside.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT YARD

The family has gathered outside and is looking up at the sky. Neighbors are streaming out of their homes and looking up.

ON NIGHT SKY

Stars are **EXPLODING**, comets are streaking across from horizon to horizon, meteors are raining down, the moon and sun **BLOW UP** in a shower of sparks. We **HEAR** the CROWD **OOHING** and **AHHING**. They **APPLAUD** when Saturn **BLOWS UP** and sends its ring frisbeeing across the sky.

ON THE SIMPSONS

Bart is admiring his handiwork. He looks a little drained.

BART

(TIRED) Whoa, I'm beat.

HOMER

(IMPRESSED) Wow! Great fireworks, boy.

BART

Those weren't fireworks. I made the universe explode.

MARGE

(WORRIED) Ohhhh, Bart...

HOMER

(SUDDEN RAGE) You made the universe
explode??? Do you know what that
means? When we go out into space we
won't have anyplace to stop for food!
You've gone too far this time. Pull
down your pants.

Homer begins advancing on Bart.

MARGE

(WARNING) Homer...

LISA

Dad...

HOMER

This is going to hurt me more than it
does you, boy.

BART

You got that right Homer. Okay, you
asked for it. You're.... an ant.

Bart points his finger at Homer. We HEAR the DRUM SOUND,
but it quickly SPUTTERS and FIZZLES OUT. Homer doesn't
turn into an ant. Everyone is stunned, especially Bart.
Bart tries again.

BART (CONT'D)

You're an ant. An Annnnnnt!

There's a burst of power, then nothing. Homer's head turns
into a tiny ant head, but the rest of him is the same. He
comes at Bart, CHUCKLING menacingly.

HOMER

(TINY ANT-LIKE VOICE) So I'm an ant, am
I?

BART

(PANIC) What's going on? I'm losing my
power!

All the neighbors begin advancing on Bart too. Bart points
at them, but nothing happens. He backs up.

LISA

It's payback time.

BART

Hey, you guys aren't mad are you? Boys
will be boys, right?

Everyone keeps advancing on him. His back is against the
garage door.

NED FLANDERS

Let's turn him into a jack-in-the-box.

BART

You can't! You don't have any magical
powers...

DR. HIBBERT

(GRIMLY) We don't need any.

The mob pulls springs out of a car seat. Someone holds up
a portable POWER DRILL and TURNS IT ON.

BART (CONT'D)

Wait! Don't you remember? I'm the
most popular boy in town! You all love
me!

The mob continues to advance on Bart.

BART (CONT'D)

(LONG SCARED WAIL)

MARGE

(PHILOSOPHICAL) I suppose, all in all,
it's good what we're doing to Bart.

LISA

It's very good.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer and Marge are sleeping peacefully, the clock shows 4:00 AM. Bart and Lisa BURST IN.

BART & LISA

Mom! Dad!

They make a synchronized running dive onto the bed. Homer and Marge awake with a GRUNT.

MARGE

My goodness, what's wrong?

BART

We both had nightmares.

HOMER

Heh heh... Couldn't hold your candy, eh boy?

LISA

Can we sleep with you?

HOMER

Are both you kids toilet-trained?

BART & LISA

(OFFENDED) Yes!

HOMER

Well, okay then... (LOOKS AT CLOCK,
MOANS)... Four o'clock... (YAWNS)
Coupla hours I'll have to get up and go
to work... go to work...

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

Black and white shot of Homer asleep at his work station.

BURNS (O.S.)

(SHUTTERS) Look at them, Smithers.

Goldbrickers, lay-about, slug-a-beds.

We PAN across a succession of monitors which show LENNY and CARL eating donuts; another WORKER playing wastebasket basketball; other WORKERS SNAPPING each other with towels in the shower, etc.

INT. BURNS' OFFICE

BURNS and SMITHERS stand looking at a bank of monitors.

BURNS

Not a single one doing his duty.

SMITHERS

Well put, sir.

BURNS

Except you, of course. Little do they realize their days of suckling at my teat are numbered.

They LAUGH.

SMITHERS

In the meantime, sir, may I suggest a random firing to throw the fear of God into them.

BURNS

Very well.

He studies the bank of monitors, and points to Homer who's sleeping and drooling. An open box of donuts is next to him.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Wake up Sleeping Beauty and hand him
his pink slip.

INT. POWER PLANT - HOMER'S WORK STATION

SMITHERS (V.O.)

(OVER P.A.) Attention Homer Simpson.
Attention Homer Simpson. Wake up,
Homer.

HOMER

(COMING AWAKE) Huh? Leave me alone.

SMITHERS (O.S.)

You're fired.

HOMER

Why?

SMITHERS (O.S.)

For sleeping on the job.

HOMER

How do you know I was sleeping?

SMITHERS (O.S.)

We've been watching you on the
surveillance camera.

HOMER

Camera?

Homer looks around, stares directly at the camera.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

INT. BURNS' OFFICE

BURNS

Smithers, to the laboratory.

Burns and Smithers cross to the fireplace. Burns pulls on a wall-mounted candelabra. The fireplace rotates 360 degrees. Burns and Smithers are no longer there, having been deposited on the other side in a secret passageway.

INT. SECRET PASSAGEWAY

Smithers is carrying a torch, lighting the way down the long, dark passageway.

INT. LABORATORY

They enter a mad-scientist-type laboratory with lots of bubbling beakers and electronic gizmos. They walk up to a sheet-covered slab.

BURNS

Smithers, for years the wheels of commerce have been hindered by the frailties of the common worker. He must rest. He must eat. He must urinate. But then I realized the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. So I replaced the flesh which -- is weak -- with steel, which is strong. Behold, the greatest breakthrough in labor relations since the cat o' nine tails.

Burns pulls off the sheet revealing a ten foot robot that bears a vague resemblance to Homer. There are two wires on his head a la Homer's hair.

SMITHERS

How long till it's up and running?

BURNS

Keep your pants on, Smithers. First,
we need... (OMINIOUSLY) A human brain.

Smithers GASPS.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The family is sitting around the kitchen table. Bart is reading the want ads.

BART

Hey, here's a good job, Dad. Do you
know how to operate an electron
microscope?

HOMER

(ANGRILY) What do you think?

LISA

Don't worry, Dad. All the leading
psychological journals say a mid-life
career change revitalizes even the most
sclerotic worker.

HOMER

What does sclerotic mean?

LISA

Stultified.

HOMER

Thanks for nothing.

BART

(EXCITED) Hey, Dad. Here's one.

Twenty-eight dollars an hour, plenty of fresh air, and you get to meet lots of interesting people.

HOMER

What job is that?

BART

(OMINIOUSLY) Grave digger.

HOMER

(SCREAMS) (AFTER A BEAT) Well, it beats digging ditches. Heh heh heh.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The sun is beating down. We drop down to Homer. Sweat is pouring down his face as he digs a grave. His boss, CRYPT KEEPER WILLIE is BARKING at him.

CRYPT KEEPER WILLIE

Deeper. Wider. Faster. I wouldn't bury me turtle in that mud puddle.

(DISGUSTED) Ah, what's the use?

He turns and exits.

HOMER

(MUTTERING TO HIMSELF) Sheesh. What a slave driver.

Homer starts to YAWN. He puts down his shovel and lays down in the grave to take a nap. We HEAR Homer's lips SMACK O.S., then the sound of SNORING. We PAN up to the sun. It changes into a full moon. We can HEAR a WOLF BAYING in the b.g.

Burns and Smithers enter the cemetery. Burns is carrying a lantern. Smithers has a pick-axe and shovel.

SMITHERS

What corpse should we unearth, sir?

BURNS

(CONSIDERING) I don't know. I feel
like a kid in a candy store.

SMITHERS

(SCARED) C-c-could you please make up
your mind quickly, sir?

BURNS

Why Smithers, you're frightened, aren't
you?

SMITHERS

A little.

BURNS

(SARCASTIC) Imagine that. A grown man
getting the willies at midnight in a
graveyard. (CHUCKLES) (THEN, SCARY:)
Smithers, oh Smithers. (MAKES SCARY
NOISE) It's me, Dracula.

SMITHERS

It isn't funny, sir.

They come upon the open grave where Homer is sleeping.

BURNS

Look Smithers. An open grave. This is
your lucky day. Get him out quickly,
the stench is overpowering.

Smithers looks at the body.

SMITHERS

What a minute, sir. That's Homer
Simpson.

BURNS

So?

SMITHERS

Well, he wasn't exactly a model
employee.

BURNS

Well, who is a model... employee?

Burns looks menacingly at Smithers.

BURNS' POV

There's a dotted line around Smithers' head, like in a
butchershop.

BACK TO WIDE SHOT

Smithers realizes what Burns' is thinking and reacts in
horror.

SMITHERS

This one will do just fine, sir.

A LITTLE LATER

Smithers is dragging a large burlap bag with Homer inside.
We HEAR Homer's muffled OUCH'S and OWW'S.

SMITHERS

Did you hear that, sir?

BURNS

No, I didn't. Who was it this time?

Frankenstein? The Booger Man?

SMITHERS

It's the man in the bag, sir. I think
he's alive.

Burns picks up the shovel and hits the body in the bag.

BURNS

Bad corpse. Bad corpse. Stop scaring
Smithers. (TO SMITHERS) Satisfied?

SMITHERS

Thank you, sir.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

We HEAR the sound of a BONE SAW. Smithers is sawing the
top off of Homer's head. The top of Homer's head falls to
the floor making the sound of a MELMAC DISH SPINNING before
it comes to rest.

BURNS

Excellent.

LOW ANGLE UP from under Homer's head as Burns prepares to
remove the brain.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Smithers, hand me that ice cream scoop.

SMITHERS

An ice cream scoop?

BURNS

Damn it, Smithers. This isn't rocket
science, it's brain surgery.

Smithers hands him the scoop. Burns HUMS as he scoops out
Homer's brain into Smithers' waiting cupped hands.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(RE: BRAIN) Not what you'd call well-
endowed.

SMITHERS

He's a needlebrain, sir.

BURNS

To the laboratory.

They exit. Homer starts coming awake.

HOMER

(DULL GUTTURAL MOAN)

He feels the top of his head.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CONFUSED GUTTURAL MOAN)

He awkwardly gets off the table and finds the top of his head.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GUTTURAL MOAN OF DISCOVERY)

He picks up the top of his head and **POUNDS** it into place. He walks off in a different direction than Burns and Smithers.

INT. LAB

Burns and Smithers stand by a slab bearing the ten foot robot. Burns is wearing a welding mask as he finishes soldering the Robot's head back on.

BURNS

Well, it looks like everything's hunky-dory. One flick of this switch and we enter a new era. But wait! Are we tampering with nature itself? Am I wrong playing God?! (BUILDING) Are we treading where no mortal doth dare?! (EXUBERANT) I SURE HOPE NOT!

Burns flicks the switch. **ELECTRIC VOLTAGE** courses through the robot a la "Metropolis."

SMITHERS

Good God, sir. What hath ye wrought?

The creature stirs, then shakily stands up.

BURNS

All right, you bucket of bolts.

There's work to be done. Nose to the grindstone. Get your rear in gear!

We HEAR a BEEPING sound.

ROBOT'S POV

With infra-red vision it sees a glowing box of donuts through the wall.

BACK TO WIDE SHOT

The robot **SMASHES** through the wall leaving successive cut-outs of his frame. He grabs the box of donuts and starts shoveling them into his mouth. We HEAR an **ECHO-Y METALLIC HURE**.

EXT. STREET

Homer's body trudges blankly home. A **PRETTY GIRL** passes. Homer tips the top of his skull to her.

HOMER

(POLITE GUTTURAL NOISE)

She **SCREAMS** and runs away.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Homer **POUNDS** on the front door. Bart opens the door.

BART

Lose your keys again, Homer?

HOMER

(GUTTURAL NOISE)

Homer enters.

LISA

Hey, Dad. I learned the difference
between Xylem and phloem today.

HOMER

(GUTTURAL NOISE)

Marge enters.

MARGE

Here's our little gravedigger now.

She hands Homer a can of beer.

HOMER

(HAPPY GUTTURAL NOISE)

INT. POWER PLANT - HOMER'S WORK STATION

Smithers stands by Burns, who is on the ground **CRYING** and gnashing his teeth.

BURNS

It wasn't suppose to be this way. It
was supposed to be a thing of beauty,
not this abomination.

WIDEN to see the robot is asleep in Homer's usual place with his feet up on the console. A little oil drool is coming out of his mouth.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN

Moe **RINGS** a bell.

MOE

Last call, everybody.

INT. POWER PLANT - HOMER'S WORK STATION

We start **TIGHT** on the Robot's bionic ears with Moe's words:

MOE (V.O.)

(ECHOING) Last call.

We PULL OUT as we HEAR a BEEP BEEP sound. The robot suddenly comes awake.

ROBOT

(DEEP ROBOT VOICE) Me want beer.

BURNS

(TOUCHED) Oh, Smithers. Robot's first words.

The robot swats Burns away like a flea. It CRASHES through the wall on its way to Moe's.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN

BARNEY and several BARFLIES are at the bar.

MOE

Here ya go, Barney. Anybody else?

The robot SMASHES through the wall next to the door.

MOE (CONT'D)

Jeepers, Mary and Joseph!

The robot sits on at stool at the bar.

ROBOT

Hey, Moe. Hello Barney.

BARNEY

(STUTTERING) It knows our names.

MOE

What can I do for you, Mr. Mechanical Man?

ROBOT

Beer. Frosty beer.

MOE

Coming right up.

BARNEY

Hey, are you from outer space?

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Homer sits on the couch, beer in hand, watching television.

ON TV

An elderly TALK SHOW HOST in a turban holds an envelope to his head.

HOST

(DIVINING) Geraldo Rivera, Madonna and
a diseased Yak.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We regretfully interrupt the king of
late night comedy to bring you this
special news bulletin.

KENT BROCKMAN appears sitting at his anchor desk. Behind him is a mortise showing a police sketch of a robot. During the following, Maggie pops out of the Homer's skull and crawls off. Homer retrieves the top of his skull and puts in back in place, then continues to watch television.

KENT BROCKMAN

Hi, I'm Kent Brockman. Frankenstein,
The Wolfman, Dracula, Blacula.
Terrifying monsters, all, but
fortunately the only place you'll find
them is in the pages of a book.

Homer tries to take a sip of beer. He makes a **SAD GUTTURAL NOISE** because the can is empty. He tosses the can away, then makes a **HAPPY GUTTURAL NOISE** as he gets an idea and heads for the door.

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, the same cannot be said about the so-called "Abominable Robot" currently rampaging through the streets of Springfield.

Marge comes down the stairs, carrying a pillow.

MARGE

Homie? Homie? Don't you want a pillow?

She sees Homer leave and follows him out the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Burns and Smithers are on the Robot's trail. Smithers leads the way carrying a torch.

BURNS

Smithers, this way.

Burns points. We see the Robot's cutout through several walls of buildings.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN

The robot picks up a jar of pickled eggs and drops the entire jar into his mouth. He CHEWS. Brine runs down the side of his mouth.

BARNEY

(RE: ROBOT) Jeez, what a pig. (BURPS)

Homer enters.

MOE

The usual, Homer?

HOMER

(GUTTURAL NOISE)

EXT. MOE'S TAVERN

Marge approaches as POLICE CHIEF WIGGUM, EDDIE, LOU and other POLICE are surrounding the bar.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN

Marge enters.

MARGE

Homer?

The Robot and Homer both turn.

ROBOT

HOMER

Marge.

(GUTTURAL NOISE)

The Robot indicates that Marge should sit on his lap. Homer extends his arms and puckers his lips. Realizing what the other is doing, they turn angrily and **GROWL** at each other. Homer slugs the Robot. The Robot grabs Homer and they start rolling around on the floor.

MARGE

Homer, no! It was just flirting!

EXT. MOE'S TAVERN

WIGGUM

(THRU BULLHORN) Attention Robot

Perpetrator! This is Police Chief

Wiggum! I order you to come out with

your... oh, there you are.

At that moment, the Robot and Homer **SMASH** through the wall of the Tavern, onto the sidewalk.

Marge follows them out through the hole in the wall. She sees all the raised guns.

MARGE

Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

WIGGUM

Ignore the woman. Ready, aim...

Burns and Smithers rush up.

BURNS

Stop! Don't kill my baby.

WIGGUM

Your baby? What in God's name are you
talking about?

As they talk, the Robot and Homer continue to fight. The fighting is dirty, e.g. **SMASHING TRASHCANS** over each other, kicking each other's groin, biting, hair-pulling, etc.

BURNS

That magnificent creature before you is
my creation.

MARGE

It is not. That's my husband.

BURNS

No, not Fatty, Fatty Two by Four. I'm
talking about the robot. Well, okay,
I did use your husband's brain.

MARGE

(OUTRAGED) You did what?!

BURNS

I admit it. I played God. Lock me and
my henchman Smithers up.

Smithers reacts.

WIGGUM

Although I am personally disgusted by
your skulduggery, technically, playing
God is not a crime. (TO COPS) Let's
go, boys.

They exit.

MARGE

Mr. Burns, I want you to put Homer's
brain back in his body.

BURNS

Sorry, no can do.

MARGE

Why not?

BURNS

It's just too risky.

MARGE

But which one is my husband? The brain
or the body?

The Robot and Homer start posing and showing off their
attributes.

BURNS

I'm afraid that's for you to decide.

Choose one. Go ahead, choose!

Marge looks helplessly between the two Homers.

MARGE

I can't.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK

SUPER: SEVEN YEARS LATER

Marge, carrying a red parasol, stands by a gazebo.

MARGE

Hey, guys. I'm over here.

We see the Robot and Homer lumbering towards her. The Robot is holding a LITTLE ROBOT'S hand.

ROBOT

HOMER

It's good to see you, Marge.

(GUTTURAL NOISE)

MARGE

(TO LITTLE ROBOT) You're even cuter
than your pictures. (TO HOMER) What
are you up to, you big lug?

HOMER

(GUTTURAL NOISE)

MARGE

Well, I met a guy, but nothing special.
(SIGHS) Sometimes I think I should
have picked one of you -- you know,
just picked. Flipped a coin or
something.

As the picture recedes, the **THEME** to "Broadcast News" plays.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Homer wakes with a **SHRIEK**.

MARGE

Did you have a nightmare, Homer?

HOMER

No. Bart bit me.

Bart pops out from under Homer.

BART

Hey, man. You were cramping my style.

LISA

It's the law of the jungle in this bed.

MARGE

Well, thank goodness this night is
over.

Homer gets up and heads for the bathroom.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Homer is GARGLING. Suddenly a hand reaches out from the sink and pulls Homer, a la the final scene from "Carrie." Homer SCREAMS, as the hand tries to pull him down.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MAGGIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie sits bolt upright in bed. She shrugs off the bad dream, and goes back to sleep.

BLACK OUT.

THE END